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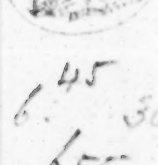
A FUNERALL SPEECH VPON The Death and Buriall OF *CHARLES DYMOKE*, Esq. LATE CHAMPION To the King and Crown of *ENGLAND*.

Who dyed at *Oxford*, in *July* 1643. and was interred at *Scrivelsby* in *Lincolnshire*, *September* the 6th, 1652.

By *R. Thornton*.

London, Printed in the Year 1653.



BRITISH MUSEUM

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A FUNERALL SPEECH

UPON

The Death and Buriall

OF

CHARLES DYMOKE, Esq;

LATE

Champion to the King and Crown of *England*, &c.

IT was a heavy case, *when the dead bodies of Gods Servants were given for meat to the Fowles of the air, and the flesh of his Saints to the beasts of the field; when their blood was shed like water on every side of* Hierusalem, *and*

there was no man to bury them. If this (as yet) be not our caſe, who thereby muſt not think them greater ſinners then our ſelves, it is Gods doing in the midſt of judgement to remember mercy, and it is marvellous in our eyes, for theſe wretched times have already ſeen many holes, no graves, many graves, and no burials, but thanks be to God, and *praiſe thou the Lord O my Soul, and all that is within me praiſe his holy name*, as for all other bleſsings, ſo in particular for this publick and pious meeting in that wee are now come to the laſt period of a ſad and ſolemn Funerall long ſince begun, and ever ſince not more expected by any, then deſired by thoſe whom it moſt concerns

And now leaſt any here preſent ſhould miſtake the meaning of this ſolemnity, or report it for a dumb ſhew, give me leave to ask them in our Saviours language, *What went yee out to ſee?* Torches, Mourners, Eſcotcheons, the Hearſe, the Grave; all theſe are but ſilent expreſsions of his condition and mortality, to whom ſuch Obſequies, *juſta funerum*, do of right belong.

But ſince by his death and this imployment, I may ſay (with *Iob*,) *My Harp alſo is turned into*

mour-

mourning, and my Organ into the voice of them that weep: ſuffer me a little from a troubled fountain *renovare dolorem*, to pour a few tears upon his dry bones; though I cannot revive, yet I may bewaile his worth, ———

——— his worth, who dying amongſt the ſchooles of the Prophets above nine years ſince, and being there imbalmed with ſweet Odours, and all this while preſerved in a Colledge Chappell, the very place of his former education, & that under ſuch ſtate as became a Perſon of his quality, is thus brought hither to his reſting place, his long home, the antient Sepulchre of his Fathers.

Where now you may behold a *Sceleton*, a glimpſe of that body, which (being alive) was the Cabinet of a religious ſoule, a deep underſtanding, a ſound judgement, a noble mind, a high & commanding ſpirit. Hence he became wiſe in his deſigns, obedient in his principles, juſt in his actions, valiant in his reſolutions, and temperate in his whole life and converſation; which (being adorned with comlineſſe of perſon and behaviour, with affability of carriage and a courtly preſence,) made him a companion for Princes at their paſtimes, for Magiſtrates

at their Benches, for armed men at their weapons, for learned men at their books, for holy men at their prayers and devotions.

These were the vertues of a son, whose father dyed in his childhood.

These were the vertues of a child, brought up by his mother in her widowhood

These were the vertues of a young man, the only son, the only child of his Parents.

These were the vertues of one, who by antient worth and descent was a Champion.

And these be the vertues of a Champion, who by his place & title had no equall, no sharer, not one *like him* in the whole Kingdom: Nay, the hazard is too great, there will never be the like again.

The subject was such without all question, the vertues may be questioned unlesse they be further justified.

And yet we may behold thē bred (as it were) in the bone, nursed up in the Cradle, and flourishing in his youth, such as (no doubt) had brought forth abundance of fruit in due season, had his strength of body, and the command of his fortunes, been answerable to the courage and

and magnificence of his ſpirit; Nay, all theſe vertues (though ſpringing like himſelf to a great height) were yet enlightned, not conſumed, by the flames of theſe times, theſe unhappy times made them more beautifull and exemplary, in that he was not carried away with every wind of doctrine, but upon mature deliberation, and conſultation too, ſetled in the ways of truth and ſoberneſſe, ſo that in the midſt of theſe diviſions & diſtractions, I do not wonder to ſee him dye as he lived, not by the ſharpneſſe of the ſword, but ſubject to infirmity and ſickneſſe, a chriſtall veſſell ſoon broken by divine providence; Nay I conſider it (with others of like merit, veſſels of honour) taken away from the evill to come, as being fitter for the glory of a new *Hieruſalem*, which is at unity in it ſelf.

Only (methinks) this rich Cabinet of fleſh and bloud wanted an exchange to ſet it forth, (I mean) an exchange of like nature & quality, a conjugall ſociety, that ſo a living repreſentation of it ſelf might have commended it, from generation to generation.

For my part I labour not to advance his worth, beyond the reach of envy: as being himſelf

ſelfe more vertuous then to eſcape it.

Nor will I ſay, but amongſt ſo many Flowers of note, there might be now and then ſome ſpotted leaves, to obſcure a little the luſtre and brightneſſe of his proceedings; He may well die without a friend, who lives without a fault.

Only I cannot ſay, God ſpeed the plough, *which ploughed upon his back, and made long furrows*, as though he alſo were earthly minded, and (thereby) ſtood in need (like his land) to be tilled himſelf, and turned upſide down; whence perhaps it came to paſſe, that whilſt ſome thought him not ſo careles of his fortunes, as their craft could wiſh: others thought him not ſo open handed, as his condition, or their neceſsities required; and ſo the report ſtuck cloſe to him, (of ſticking cloſe to himſelf) a report which ſome others made too common by their credulity, thus tearing in peeces that reputation, which they could neither write nor read:

But if we may judg by way of compariſon, & every one ſet forth in their proper colours, the ploughers (no queſtion) had not then ſo much miſtook their ſoile, as (now I preſume) they did, for, *ex meliori luto*, experience found, he was not

not a greater Heir of land, then diſcretion how to uſe it, had he but lived to ſee (by the faithfullneſſe of his ſervants) as much experience of the one, as of the other.

The truth is, his predeceſſors freedom became afterwards a heavy burthen upon his ſhoulders, which (together with other mens harms, and a wiſe example) made him ſeem a little *parta tueri*, willing to know his own eſtate, and by knowing to preſerve it, anſwerable to that wiſdom of *Solomon*, *Be diligent to know the ſtate of thy Flocks*: and might not this be well done for example ſake, the better to ſhew himſelf carefull, and to make others the more induſtrious, for how can a man think to find his kindneſſe worthily accepted, or his friend ſufficiently thankful, who knows not himſelf what he gives or grants?

Sure I am this body wanted not (as many doe) a free and bountifull hand, when either the honour of his reputation, his love of learning, or his patronage required it. Inſtances of this nature might once have been drawn from the breath of our Noſtrils to the ſoles of his Feet, (being like that pretious oyntment, which from

the top of *Aarons* head, ran down to the skirts of his clothing) but now the poore mans box, and the legacies which he gave his ſervants, are the beſt witneſſes, together with his care & readines not to pull down but repaire Churches, this by name, as being the place deſigned by himſelf, for a more laſting monument of his predeceſſors being, his own well-being, and devotion.

Here (methinks) before I go hence, I could willingly call to your remembrance, the riches of his Library, the glory of his buildings, the orders of his family, and the proviſions of his houſe; were it not, that when the Qu. of *Sheba* came, and ſaw the wiſdom of *Solomon* and his building, *the meat at his table, the ſitting of his ſervants, the attendants of his Miniſters and their apparrell*, tis ſaid, *there was no more ſpirit in her.* So I fear a relation of this nature, though qualified with all reſpects of civility and diſcretion, would make ſome ſpirits droop or raiſe up others beyond their due proportion.

But let it ſuffice, time was when I might have told you *in the day time*, he had the favor of his Prince, the loyalty of a ſubject, the prayrs of the Church, and the decent buriall of a good Chri-

Chriſtian; buriall did I ſay? yes, that's paſt already: a burial not daubed with untempered morter, but ſolemnly performed according to the publick ſervice of the Church of *England*, upon like occaſion; from which form of divine ſervice, we now only borrow this eccho,

Earth to Earth, Aſhes to Aſhes, Duſt to Duſt,

and ſo we cover him with his own mould, the bowels of his Anceſtors, a noble and renowned family.

Thus then in a word you may ſee and apply too, he who once was clothed in ſoft raiment, is now wrapped up in ſheets of lead, and he who was ſo frequently brought up in Kings houſes, and loved them too, is now *ex congruo*, lodged in one of Gods houſes, the bleſſing of a goodly heritage, his own patrimony; where we leave him with this memoriall, worthy to be written in letters of gold, *He died Champion to the King and Crown of England, and now* (like his title) *lyes in the duſt expecting a ſpeedy and glorious Reſurrection*, which that we may all obtaine, The Grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and the Love of God, and the Fellowſhip of the Holy Ghoſt be with us, and let all the People ſay, Amen. *FINIS.*